

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION.

56,519

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of September, 1914, was 56,519.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Now, for the big week at Ak-Sar-Ben.

If prayers will end the war, it must soon be all over.

Is congress going to adjourn and let merchant marine revival sink?

The expression, "civilized warfare," is enough to make a heathen cry.

Peace may have her victories, but not at present on the continent of Europe.

Armageddon for the time being seems to be located in Illinois and Pennsylvania.

When it comes to the publicity end of the war game, the British have the Germans beat to a frazzle.

The real election returns will not be in until we know the exact monetary effect on Ruizer as a chautauker.

The Atlanta Constitution is correct—the gutturer is nine-tenths on the way to the use of the murderous weapon.

If a discarded cocked hat could be of help, either of the belligerents might be accommodated by applying at our White House.

Whether our Ak-Sar-Ben street lighting is an emergency or merely an incident, is yet to be determined by our municipal financiers.

Senator Burton's magnificent achievement in puncturing that inflated rivers and harbors appropriation bill should not be so soon forgotten.

Misouri is also voting on a suffrage amendment this fall. But for some reason or other, Missouri is not considered as fallow ground for reform as Nebraska.

By actual count 235 paragraphs up to date have observed that the prohibitionists have taken the gin out of Virginia—New Orleans State.

Now, for the big week of Ak-Sar-Ben. lowest form of humor is a pun on a name.

The information bureau looks out for garages for visiting autos as well as rooms for the owners. Another sign of the times which indicates the progress made during these twenty years of Ak-Sar-Ben.

Colonel Roosevelt ventures to predict that the progressives will carry Louisiana at the impending election, and thus make the first real break in the solid south. We fear the colonel is altogether too optimistic.

"One hour in the sun will produce freckles enough to keep one busy with lotions for an hour," warns a beauty doctor. Whereat one can almost hear the "bare-foot bay with cheek of tan" observe, "I should worry."

William Allen White says Arthur Capper, republican nominee for governor of Kansas, "is not a man of bluster. And the Kansas City Journal concludes that, therefore, "the bull moose party was no place for him," though he strayed into it once.

New York has subscribed nearly half of the gold fund, while Chicago, which comes next highest pro rata, puts in a little less than one-sixth. Despite all protests about the money power being no longer entrenched in Wall street, that is where the coin must still be gotten when it is needed.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha. Rev. John B. Newman, pastor of the Madison Avenue Congregational church of New York City, was greeted by a large audience in Rev. Mr. Sherill's church for his discourse on character.

Social Welfare and the War.

As a result of the war, Jane Addams sees an eclipse falling over the great social welfare propaganda in this and other countries. This remarkable movement which has made such headway in the last few years is, in her view, about to enter a twilight zone from which it will not wholly emerge for years to come.

The apprehended mischief is to be played by the psychological reaction of wholesale slaughter upon humanity. Human sensibilities had been whittled down to their finest point, the social consciousness was never more alert. We ventured the tendency toward universal peace as the climax of our altruistic dreams.

Some may think Miss Addams too pessimistic. Others may knowingly say we had idly reckoned too far on the influence of our ideals if we forgot the existence of "brutish instincts" or that we were warned not to deceive ourselves, while yet carrying on our splendid social welfare work, as to the dawn of that blissful day when nations shall war no more.

When a million men are suffering in trenches wet and cold and wounded, what are a few children suffering under hard conditions in the factories? Take old age pensions, upon which England, France and Germany have been working.

Though new zeal and determination may be born out of this awful war, new obstacles to social service are sure to come also. But, of course, Miss Addams is not thinking that, because the task will be larger, it must be abandoned, but rather that it must enlist our more energetic and unceasing efforts.

The Political Party Deadline.

No person shall be entitled to or allowed to file a nomination certificate unless the political party which he affiliates with polled at the last election, before the primary election to be held, at least one per cent of the entire vote in the state, county or sub-division in which he seeks the nomination for office.

One per cent of the total vote is a mighty small fraction, but it offers opportunity this year for Nebraska to slough off a few party circles like those credited to the populists, the progressives or the prohibitionists, if not throughout the state, at least in most of the various senatorial and representative districts, counties and other minor sub-divisions.

The aggregate vote in the entire state in the coming Nebraska election will probably be in the neighborhood of 250,000, of which one per cent will be 2,500. It will be interesting to see whether some of our so-called political parties do not find themselves put hors du combat by the returns.

Japan's Idea of Us.

A professor in the University of Tokio has recently been quoted by newspapers in New York, where he visited, as saying that certain interests have persistently and systematically tried to create the impression in Japan that the people of the United States hold the Japanese in contempt and that they are in no sense friends.

So far as the United States is concerned, it has been as a rule generous in its treatment of the Japanese and is now, as a result of the European war, about to enter upon more intimate relations through the open door of commerce. With the great trading nations of Europe engaged in war, we shall be called on for a large measure of the commerce which they have heretofore supplied.

Short Ballot in Kansas.

Just by way of illustration and stimulation, let us call the attention of Nebraska to the plight of neighboring Kansas, where the demand for a short ballot is even stronger than it is with us. While one or two elective offices familiar here are missing there, the Kansas ballot includes as novelties to us the offices of state superintendent of insurance, state printer and three places on the State Board of Irrigation.

Wilson Agrees to Let Congress Adjourn—Chicago Tribune Headline. Come, come, the president is against bossism!



Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

Then Someone Must Be Prejudiced.

SOUTH OMAHA, Oct. 3.—To the Editor of The Bee: I note the letter from my friend, F. A. Agnew, calling ex-President Roosevelt an "American humbugger." I consider this a personal insult, when I know, and the judge knows, that this is not true.

Enters a Protest.

OMAHA, Oct. 2.—To the Editor of The Bee: Mr. Oithoff in today's Bee tells us that Germany in this war is after money, and has fixed the amount at \$5,000,000,000.

Tribute to an Omaha Girl.

OMAHA, Oct. 3.—To the Editor of The Bee: Omaha church folk who read the Christian Endeavor World have been reminded in the last issue of the loss to them and their city of one whose name and influence reached far and wide.

Miss Earle made thousands of friends by her writings in this paper. She never wrote merely for the sake of writing, or for the mere money returns, but always had a deep purpose in her stories, a purpose revealed very earnestly in her letters concerning them.

The Christian Endeavor World says that Miss Earle's last serial for that paper embodied her experiences in the Omaha tornado and "conveyed the lesson of a calm trust in God in the midst of trial, which she would wish to be her final message to her friends."

Our spirits drift across the bar To that far portal in the west— The sunset cloud, the sunset star. Thy mercy, Lord, on toll and pain! Thy pardon, Lord, for fault and sin! Fill wide the lanes of rest again, And let Thy weary children in.

Questions from a Questioner.

BROKEN BOW, Neb., Oct. 3.—To the Editor of The Bee: In The Bee's Letter Box of H. Fischer's reply to D. C. John is typical of a German. He says the allies may starve Germany, but will never conquer it.

A Note of Appreciation. OMAHA, Oct. 3.—To the Editor of The Bee: We all like praise and compliments when we have said or done anything noteworthy.

St. Paul Pioneer Press: In more than one state besides Maine the progressive may point to the result and exclaim jubilantly and ungrammatically: "I done it!"

Political Tips

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Germany's Crown Prince

The warlike tendencies of Germany's crown prince have in the past been represented as a source of much embarrassment to his father, who, apparently, was most desirous of building up a peaceful reputation for Germany.

Dr. Liman paints an attractive portrait of the Kaiser's heir, in spite of all his vagaries, we learn, that he is popular throughout Germany, totally devoid of "side," and the keenest sort of a sportsman.

The hunting-book was written after the crown prince's journey to the far east. It describes his hunting in India and Ceylon and all sorts of exciting experiences in far away lands.

"We hunters pity from the bottom of our hearts those men to whom hunting game in some form or other is impossible or unknown. And when I say hunting, I really mean stalking. To my mind, whoever thinks at all of hunting—that wonderful combination of fighting, enjoyment of nature, and self-contemplation—is thinking in reality only of stalking, and recognizes things like a tiger hunt only as a sort of exercise in shooting, by no means as anything truly sportmanlike."

"To the real sportsman the great book of beautiful nature opens itself willingly. In the brilliant sunrise, in the tired, silent midday sleep, in the soft evening which spreads peace over forest and field, in the wild, howling mountain storm, the voice of nature speaks to us solitary huntmen in accents always different and always impressive, and sings to us the noble song of the noble life."

"Such hours, spent alone \* \* \* only they make life on earth worth living! For beauty and peacefulness many an evening of hunting that I have enjoyed, in my opinion, surpassed by nothing in the world. How often during those evenings have I thought of those words inscribed by the Grand Moguls over their palace in Agra: 'If there is a Paradise on earth it is here, it is here.'"

"Nothing binds friends so closely as hunting experiences which they have shared. When at night the flames are flickering in the fireplace, when happy sportsmen are stretched out in big leather chairs, cigarettes between their lips, eyes glancing toward the trophies on the wall, reminding each other of 'how we stalked the deer together that time,' then it is that genuine comradeship is engendered."

Dr. Lyman calls this a "free, honest confession," and it is indeed the confession of one whose instinct and love for the hunt might well breed in him a passion for that greater, more thrilling hunting pastime—war and the hunting of men. At all events, the crown prince has ever been on the side of the army.

"We are living in a time when men proudly point to their culture, a time which is but too willing to plume itself on its cosmopolitanism and takes pleasure in dreaming idle dreams of the possibility of eternal peace."

"Such a conception of life is un-German. It is not for us. The German, who loves his country, who believes in its greatness and future, and does not wish to see any lessening of its prestige, will not close his eyes in such dreams, nor allow himself to be lulled to sleep by the peace lullaby of the Utopians."

"If the German people decide to risk life and property in a war, then let the world be full of devil as rise again in its arms; we can handle it, no matter how great the peril of the hour!"

Like his father, who has dabbled in the fine arts, his heir also has tried his hand at composing music and painting pictures. But, avers Dr. Liman, he is not at all concerned about his productions. When he has finished a picture he smilingly inquires of those privileged to see it whether they can guess what it represents—a snowy landscape or a negro chieftain, still life, or a battle scene.

But such activities are merely secondary; first and foremost the young man is a soldier. "He does his duty just like any one of his comrades, from early morning until the moment when the rest of his fellow officers are relieved. And sometimes even he stays behind a couple of hours to listen to the instructions of superior officers, cheerfully observing: 'Oh, my wife will send me some sandwiches and a half bottle of wine.'"

People and Events

Phillip D. Armour, grandson of the founder of Armour & Co., is taking his first practical lessons in the business by tramping around in the mud of the Chicago stock yards as a cattle buyer.

Some chronic persist in the notion that the European war had its hand in the term to Uncle Sam. Well, what if they did? Your Uncle knows how to compound a lemonade and put a stick in it.

A Frenchman and a German in Sioux City battled valiantly for the smiles of a pretty Irish waitress. Both signed a treaty of peace before the police judge, but the German was forced to retreat to a hospital.

The court of appeals of New York has said the last word in the case of Mrs. E. C. Peixoto, the New York school teacher dismissed for absenting herself from school to become a mother. The court sustains the right of the school board to enforce the rule.

Mrs. Jane Seymour Barnett of St. Louis, recently deceased, served as a nurse in the Crimean war with Florence Nightingale. She survived two husbands, both British captains of artillery, and has three grandsons in the ranks of the British forces in France.

How quick the pocket nerve regulates the viewpoint! A group of fifteen Americans from Alabama stood outside a closed hotel in Paris, the second night of the war, discussing where to go and how to get there. Another tourist, gazing up and down deserted streets, was attracted by the language of the group.

"Hello, Uncle Sam, what's the trouble?" The leader of the party stepped up to the tourist and remarked: "I'm from Alabama—where do you hail from?" "I'm from Bill Bryan's state," "Shake," he exclaimed, extending his Dixie fist. He was mighty sore about the war and nursed a grudge against the Germans.

"I hope they'll be licked to a dead finish. What have the Germans done to me? A great deal. Our people get all our potato from Germany. We had a five-year contract. The Germans thought it was unprofitable and wanted us to break it. We refused. Then they induced the government to impose an export tax. We had to pay it about \$500 a year, which was turned over to the potato dealers. You bet I want to see them licked, good and plenty." Having thus eased his mind, he vanished in the darkness.

In Official Quarters

Milwaukee Sentinel: Go to the fourth line of battle, Mr. High Taxer, and watch a state run in a business way.

Springfield Republican: It is a good while since anybody in Europe has sneered at the idealism of Dr. Wilson.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Many a democratic senator will henceforth be unable to look a pork barrel in the face without blushing.

Indianapolis News: Those reductions made in the river and harbor bill appear to be just about as ridiculous as some of the appropriations.

Washington Star: Mr. Bryan now knows how the gold democrats of 1898 must have felt when he reads the returns from the Illinois primaries.

Chicago Herald: Mr. Bryan sounded the doom of monarchy in his speech at Baltimore, but the monarchs had beat him to it by at least six weeks.

Baltimore American: In view of the failure of the tariff, democracy is going to have a hard time raising money without incurring the wrath of the people.

Boston Transcript: The report that the U. S. S. Dolphin has left West Point with Mrs. Josephus Daniels and party must be a mistake, as it is well known that this sort of joyriding is strictly forbidden in the Jeffersonian manual.

Washington Herald: Secretary Bryan says the war era has ended in the United States and is drawing toward its close in foreign lands. While everybody will earnestly hope that the secretary is right, it is difficult to discover any sound reason for believing it.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady." quoted Mrs. Gabb, as she tossed aside the magazine she was reading.

"You might at least treat him decent when he calls." "I treat him as decently as he has any right to expect."

"You have a grudge against him just because I came near marrying him before I met you." "It isn't that, dear. He doesn't come here for a thing on earth but to boast over me."—Houston Post.

"You must promise me one thing before I will consent to marry you." "Anything you like, dear. I'll do it." "You must spend as many evenings with me after we are married as you do now."—Houston Post.

"Do you believe that we shall ever have universal peace?" "I'm afraid not. Of course the nations may cease warring against each other; but men and women will probably keep right on getting married."—Boston Transcript.

"My daughter is an exceptionally clever woman." "How so?" "She makes all her pin money with her needle."—Baltimore American.

"Your daughter plays some very robust pieces." "She's got a bean in the parlor," growled Pa Womba, "and that loud music is to drown the sound of her mother washing the dishes."—Pittsburgh Post.

"What is the mail from daughter?" asked mother, eagerly. "A thousand kisses," answered father grimly, "and sixteen handkerchiefs, two waists and four batons of ribbon for you to wash and mend."—Kansas City Journal.

"Saw a very painful sight this morning," remarked the athletic boarder. "What was that?" "An old man trying to teach his beautiful young wife to swim by reading a book of instruction to her from the shore."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"The limit." Dame Fashion was in sorry straits. "Else why did she go back, I ask you. To old Methusalem's back yard. And dig us up that ancient basque." "But never, here I draw the line. If I should don a hideous basque."

"I might have worn a trousseau—(I could also have worn a masque)—And kept my reason but not so. Let dum-dum bullets end my life, Then let them put me in a caque; But never, here I draw the line, Let them dare clothe me in a basque. Omaha. —BAYOLLE TRELE.

Wrigley's Doublemint Cheewing Gum. Double strength peppermint flavor. Double wrapped—always fresh and clean. "Pep-Peppermint". Stutter when you say it and get in two "Peps"—for this is double strength Peppermint chewing gum—lots of Pep! It's like a Peppermint Lozenge with a long lease of life—it l-a-s-t-s!